

The Rambling

Fuddle-Caps:

OR, A

Tabern - Struggle

FOR A

K I S S.

By the Author of HUDIBRASS REDIVIVUS.



[WARD
Edward]
LC D

L O N D O N:

Printed and Sold by *H. Hills*, in *Black-fryars* near
the Water-side. 1709.

THAT all that were made and all that were made in the world, that was made as a family, which we now at the time of the

The Rambling

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OR, A

Tavern - Struggle

FOR A

K I S S.

Ho' Fuddl'd o'er Night, the next Morning we found,

That Sleep had recover'd what Claret had drown'd ;

And all our numb'd Members, so feeble and weak,

That we scarcely were able to walk, or to speak,

Are now by kind *Morpheus* with Strength reimpower'd,

And all to their primitive Vigour restor'd.

Our Thoughts were so sprightly, our Humours so gay,

That we both were as brisk as a Milk-maid in *May*.

And as for the Rudders that steer our Affections,

Fancy, that Pilot, shall give 'em Directions;

Which were made over Night so incapably tender,

Are now grown as stiff as a Bullock's Defender:

Not wanting Discretion I'd like to 've miscarry'd,

Not thoughtless of Cuckldom with my self marry'd:

A 2

Well

Well knowing desire of unchaste Copulation,
 Had been an Affront to our new Reformation;
 And therefore resolv'd to forbear the sweet Evil,
 Tho' hugely inclin'd to the Flesh and the Devil.
 But yet notwithstanding our over-Night's Fuddle,
 That made us so brisk in the Tail and the Noddle,
 We both were as dry, I may justly maintain,
 As a Rat that is poyson'd by eating his Bane.
 In order to quench our immod'rate Droughts,
 That burnt in our Stomachs, and scorch'd up our Mouths,
 We leap'd out of Bed with a strong *Appetitus*,
 To swallow a Hair of the Dog that had bit us.
 We shifted our Linen, and whip'd on our Cloaths,
 And powder'd our Wigs like a couple of *Beaus*,
 Then quitted our Lodging till Night, with design,
 To quench with that Engine, a Flask full of Wine,
 The Fire which God, *Bacchus*, as well as Fair *Venus*,
 By th' help of brisk Claret, had kindl'd within us.
 So frenzied Wretches their Senses restore,
 By clawing the Hag who bewitch'd 'em before.
 And skilful Physicians their Patients recover,
 Of one Dose of Poyson, by th' pow'r of another.
 With this Resolution we cross'd to S—— Lane,
 'Twixt which and B——Y——hangs a Bush and a Sign,
 Which some call the *Tuns*, by whose size one wou'd guess,
 They were three Brandy Runlets of Gallons a piece,
 Well, well, says my Friend, you may descant upon 'em,
 And for their diminutive sizes untun 'em:
 But when within Doors you may think 'em much wider,
 And Judge by the Wine they are Hogsheads of Cider.
 However, said I, let us once venture in,
 If it be for no cause, but to see and be seen:
 For tho' it proves Cider 'twill quench us and clean us,
 And wash down those sooty remains that are in us,
 Condens'd from the Poyson of *Necotianus*.

With that we went into a pretty long Entry,
 At th' end of which Passage a Female stood Centry,

As stiff in her Box, and as starch'd in her Dress,
 As an old Abby-Figure of Wax in a Press,
 Where any for Three-pence may behold,
 What stiff body'd Queens liv'd in Ages of old.
 To say that she Paints it might justly provoke her,
 I'm sure that she does not, except 'tis with Oker:
 Nor did she look warm'd with Canary or Brandy,
 But just of the Colour of brown Sugar-candy.
 From whence we may say, without any Reflection,
 She's blest with a sweet and a melting Complexion.
 Her Bubbies, which just peep'd above to invite ye,
 By th' help of her Stays look'd so round and so pretty,
 That had but her Skin been a little more fair,
 Like a Stone Horse enrag'd I'd leap'd over the Bar;
 But the Ginger-bread Colour she wore in her Cheeks,
 Was to me as offensive as Garlick or Leeks:
 For Yellow I hate, and I'll tell you for what,
 'Tis the Mutton Complexion that dies of the Rot.
 And who'd be so fond of a Kiss or a Touch,
 With a Lady that looks not as sound as a Roach?
 Her Hips, I confess, were so charmingly plump,
 And between them a Hillock adorning her Rump,
 That when she turn'd round, by a glimpse I could find
 All the best of her Beauty was seated behind.
 Tho' perhaps upon search it wou'd have prov'd but a Cushion,
 That rais'd up her A——se to the height of the Fashion.
 After Ogling, and Talking, and taking a view,
 As she stood in the Bar, like a Jilt in a Pew.
 The Drawer, according to our desire,
 Hew'd us into the Kitchin, for sake of the Fire:
 For cold was the Wind, and impleasant the Weather,
 Which made us both willing to follow him thither.
 No sooner we'd enter'd the Cook's Territories,
 Where commonly either a Slut or a Whore is)
 At a swinging *Bellona* we saw at the Dresser,
 And a drunken young Rake-hell just going to Kiss her.

The masculine Jade had the Fork in her Hand,
 And bid him stand off at the Word of Command :
 And being a Lass both of Virtue and Value,
 She cry'd, *Keep your Ground, or, by Heavens, I'll maul ye.*
 The Spark in his Cups, full of Courage and Vigour,
 In spite of her Threats, rally'd on like a Tyger,
 With his Arm, like a Fencer, he parry'd her Poker,
 And running within her did further provoke her,
 By falling most roughly and rudely upon her,
 And bobbing his Hand at the Seat of her Honour ;
 But still with such Art she defended her Lips,
 And now and then gave him such Pinches and Nips,
 That I would not have born, to have purchas'd a Kiss,
 From the Lips of Queen *Dido*, or *Helen of Greece*.
 He swore that he would, but she vow'd that he should not.
 He strove, but she tustled so hard that he could not.
 But as they contended thus, who should be Master,
 I'th' the Scuffle there happen'd a scurvy Disaster :
 A Pudding, with Plumbs, standing by on a Stool,
 Ready mix'd for the Bag, temper'd up in a Bowl,
 Unhappily met with a Fall in the Jostle,
 And between 'em was thrown on the Ground in the bustle
 The Cook at this sorrowful sight grew inflam'd,
 And wish'd her Antagonist roted and damn'd.
 The Spark in return to the Queen of the Kitchen,
 In wonderful Rage went to Cursing and Bitching :
 But still in a Passion pursuing his Matter,
 They scuffled about Ankle deep in the Batter :
 As Soldiers hard set in a Battle do use,
 To fight 'till the Blood washes over their Shooes.
 The sturdy Defendant her Pudding beholding,
 Fell now in good earnest to scratching and scolding.
 And fought like a Cat when her Passion was stir'd,
 To see the good Food trod about like a T——d,
 Her Greasiness now all Venom and Gall,
 Who swore she'd admit of no *Kissing at all*;
 And with that she exerted her Masculine Force,
 Who was almost as strong a Mare or a Horse,

And push'd down the Spark, who most decently lay,
 In the midst of the Pudding that sell in the Fray.
 With that he arose full of Malice and Spight,
 To see his black Cloaths painted over with white :
 And look'd in this pickle, without any Lying,
 Like a piece of fat Tripe dry'd in Batter for Frying.
 The Curls of his Wig were so pasted and matted,
 All over so daub'd, so beplumb'd and befatted ;
 So Eggy withal, that a Man would have sworn,
 He had just in the Pill'ry been taking a Turn :
 And being *Lent*-time, that some ill-natur'd Creatures,
 Had pelted the Rogue with their Pancakes and Fritters.

Pray Sir, says my Friend, to th' unfortunate Lover,
 Did ever you read the Fam'd History over,
 Of a dapper, diminutive, comical Fellow,
 Much less than a *Bartol'mew-Fair* Punchanello.
 Methinks (tho' I speak not by way of Derision)
 As now you appear in that dripping Condition ;
 You look like that little *Tom Thumb*, by my Soul,
 Just waded from out of the great Pudding-Bowl ;
 And have brought away Batter enough on your Back,
 Which if savingly scrap'd from your Cloaths that are black,
 And improb'd into Dumplins, would make such a Feast,
 That would tempt you with Patience to swallow the Jest.

Pray Sir, cries the Spark, in his Puddingy Robes,
 Keep your Flirts to your self, and your merry dry Bobs ;
 For I value not you or your Jest of a Clout,
 I am good Flesh within, tho' I'm Pudding without ;
 And if you, like the Bitchington, think you can beat me,
 As drunk as I am, when you've done you shall eat me.
 But if you won't Fight, let my Follies alone,
 Or I'll Pudding your Jacket as bad as my own.

Dear Sir, says my Friend, in a bantering manner,
 I hope, like the Cook, you'll not turn Painter-stainer ;

If you do, notwithstanding your huffing and prating;
The Proof of the Pudding shall be in the eating.

But, Sir, says our Pye-colour'd Sot of a Beau,
Why so much upon Pudding, I desire to know.
What tho' I'm bitterly daub'd with the Batter,
Must every Fool take a lick at the Matter.
Can't a Man tumble down in a Pudding, Ads fish,
But another must sling it so oft in his Dish.

The Cook in a Corner stood fleering and laughing,
The Spark she had tam'd stagger'd fretting and chaffing,
So near to the Fire, in a mighty disgust,
Till the Pudding was bak'd on his Back to a Crust.
Beholding the Rattle-brains, marry thought I,
I have heard of a Puppy put into a Pye,
But never yet met with a Story alluding,
To such a great Whelp that was bak'd in a Pudding.

By this time the Mistress, that sat in the Bar,
Being told the Misfortune by *Fennick* the Draw'r,
Step'd in to enquire out the truth of the Matter,
And view, with sad Eyes, the poor down-fallen Batter,
Says Madam to *Nell*, in a wonderful Passion,
You impudent Baggage, pray what's the occasion,
The Pudding design'd for your Master's own Table,
Is thus trod about like a T——d in a Stable?
O Heavens! pray what has this Termagant Blowze
Been a doing to th' Gentleman's Wig and Cloaths?
Zounds, Madam, crys *Nell*, I have done him no Hurt,
It was all his own Fault, he may thank himself for't.
For tho' I'm a poor Kitchen-Wench, let me tell ye,
I will not be tumbled and touz'd by the Belly;
Nor flabber'd or Kiss'd, as a Slut that was ready
To pleasure each Sot, like a Night-walking Lady.
I'd have you to know, I am Honest, tho' Poor,
And disdain to be us'd like a *Water-Lane* Whore.

With

With that *Madam Coming-Sir*, cocking her Head,
 Cry'd, Marry-come-up, you're a Beautiful Jade,
 You had need brag so much of your Hypocrites Vertue,
 A Gentleman's Kifs would have mightily hurt you!
 You shall be so proud, you're so handsome a Piece,
 So perfum'd with your Sweat, and adorn'd with your Grease,
 That a Gentleman for your Charms must approve you,
 And if he once smells you, must certainly love you.
 Go, go, you're a Slut, I would have you to know;
 Nay, a Strumpet, to serve any Gentleman so:
 As for one silly Kifs to beget so much Strife,
 And to spoil the best Pudding you've mix'd in your Life.

Says *Nell* to her Mistress, I scorn to be rumbl'd,
 Let those play the Fool that delight to be Fumbl'd:
 But you that are marry'd may do as you list,
 For a Cut of a Cut Loaf can never be mist.
 Tho' you say I'm a Strumpet, remember, good *Madam*,
 As bad as I am, I was never at *Had'em*:
 Nor ever did I from my Modesty vary,
 So far as to jumble a Pipe of *Canary*;
 Or ever commit so notorious a Fault,
 As be catch'd with a Drawer below in the Vault,
 In marking that Pipe which was best for your turns
 On the Head, with the scandalous Sign of Horns.

Horns! Huffy, says *Madam*, you impudent Quean,
 Who is't you reflect on, what is it you mean?
 Did ever you hear, thro' the course of your Life,
 That I ever prov'd worse than a good Wife?
 'Tis amazing to me! I'm astonish'd to think
 What your Impudence aims at, why sure you're in Drink;
 Or else to your Mistress you never would prate,
 At so base a provoking and saucy a rate.

Zines, *Madam*, says *Nell*, in a damnable Fury,
 Won't be thus snub'd and abus'd, I assure ye,

With

Altho'

Altho' I'm a Scrub that is doom'd to a Kitchen,
 I never was yet catch'd a Whoring or Bitching ;
 Nor am I got drunk, as your Ladyship says,
 Tho' I know she that was, to her ugly Disgrace ;
 And was found with a Spark hovering over her Chair,
 With a Hand on her Breasts, and the other elsewhere.

With that, says the Mistress, You ill-natur'd Devil,
 For shame hold your Tongue, that implacable Evil.
 Come, mop up the Batter you've traml'd and stood in,
 And let me, I say, have no more of the Pudding.

Whose Fault is't, crys *Nell*, get you into the Bar,
 Pray, what bus'ness have you to come prying in here ?
 For the longer you stay, or the more that you talk,
 You shall fare but the worse, so it's better to walk.

Well, Huffy, says *Madam*, for once you shall win me,
 To use the Good-nature and Patience that's in me.
 Now I see you're enrag'd, I will shew a Concession,
 But rattle you off when you're out of your Passion.

*Thus Madam return'd to her Station the Bar,
 With a Nettle t'ber Breech, and a Flea in her Ear ;
 Being glad to withdraw from the Rubs and the Railings
 Of Nell, that was privy to some of her Failings.*

Said I, honest *Nell*, you've an excellent Tongue,
 That, according to Phrase, is most notably hung,
 For it sounds like a Bell, and goes off with a Twang.
 But I hope you'll excuse me, invincible *Nelly*,
 If I, like a Friend, take the Freedom to tell ye,
 You banter too hard on the Brows of your Master,
 And open those Sores that have need of a Plaster.

With that the huge termagant Devil turn'd back ;
 I believe (says the Jade) you come in for a snack :

They

They are Sparks like your self, and not I (crys the Blowze)
 That with Antlers and Buds injure honest Mens Brows;
 And when they are absent, by kissing their Spouses,
 Make Bridges of many poor Cuckoldly Noses.

Thought I, it's more Prudence my Tongue to with-hold,
 Or much better to talk to a Post than a Scold;
 'Cause they both to all Reason are deaf as a Drum,
 Which the Scold will out-rattle, when the Post will be dumb:

Mr. *Prim*, who with shame to Elegant Beaus,
 Had, for sake of a Kiss, so bespatter'd his Cloaths,
 And made the whole House so confounded uneasy,
 By slabb'ring a Slur, but so ugly and greasy;
 O'erpower'd with Wine, and Nocturnal Upsitting,
 Fell asleep in a Nook, for a Sot very fitting,
 With a Coat so besmear'd in his amorous Fight,
 That he look'd like a Magpy, half black and half white;
 And might justly be stil'd, for the Badges he wore,
 The compleatest Jack-pudding that we e'er saw before.
 As thus the young Drunkard was sleeping and snoring,
 And dreaming, no doubt on'r, of Drinking or Whoring,
 It chanc'd that his Father, with Carbuncle Face,
 Those glorious effects of the Bottle and Glass,
 Came in with a Friend for a whet of good Red,
 Lest his Rubies and Rosy Pimginets should fade:
 For Flowers we know soon their Colours would lose,
 If they were not refresh'd with the Rains and the Dews.
 So the Nose of a Sot, which with pleasure we stare at,
 Would fade, if not daily replenish'd with Claret.
 The hearty Old Dad had no sooner came in,
 And gave order to *Fennick* to draw him his Wine,
 Turn'd his Nose to the Door, and his Arse to the Fire,
 A Habit true *Englishmen* always acquire;
 But the sharp sighted Fox round the Kitchin did look,
 And saw Daddy's n'own Son drunk asleep in a Nook.
 With that he advances up close to the place,
 Turns his Wig a one side, stares his Son in the Face;

They

Carches

Catches hold of his Nose in a damnable Passion,
 And pulling on't, breaks into this Exclamation :
 A Beau to the Life ! a fine Spark, by my Soul,
 You drunken young Rake-hell, come out of your hole :
 Let us see in the Light what a Figure you make ;
 A most exquisite Sot, a true Orthodox Rake,
 A hopeful young Student, a rare Inns of Courtier :
 Nouns, what has the Dog been a treading of Mortar ?
 Adshearr, now I look on his Wig and his Back,
 He's all cover'd with Plumbs like an *Islington* Cake.
 I'll be hang'd if the Whelp had not Pudding for Supper,
 And eat till he spew'd from his Head to his Crupper.

The Son very drunk, also equally drowsy,
 First shrug'd up his Shoulders as if he were Loufy ;
 Then stagg'ring about, betwixt sleeping and waking,
 B'ing ready to spew, I suppose, by his kecking ;
 Not knowing his Father, he damn'd him and swore,
 He that took him by th' Nose was a Son of a Whore.
 Then Cursing and Raving, like one in Distraction,
 He vow'd for th' Affront he would have Satisfaction.

You Dog, says his Daddy at every word,
D' you offer to lay your vile Hand on your Sword !
Thou villainous Rebel, you undutiful Sot you,
D' you lift up your Arm against him that begot you ?
Sure never poor Mortal e'er father'd before,
Such a Rakebelly Rogue of a Son of a Whore.

With that the young Prodigal (hearing the Name
 Of a Father) began to be little more tame :
 And looking about him, at last had the Grace,
 To know 'twas his Dad by his Carbuncle Face :
 Then after a Keck, and a Hick-cough or two,
 Like a Sot over-charg'd that was going to spew,
 He crys to his Father, (provoking our Smiles)
You're the old Turkey-cock, by your fiery Gills :

But what need you Cobble so loud at a Body,
 A Tavern sometimes is as good as a Study:
 We heard you oft say, That Conversing and Drinking,
 Must quicken our Brains more than Reading and Thinking,
 And that Lawyers Littleton, Bracton, and Cook,
 Did agree it was good for a Student to look
 In the brisk merry Bottle, as well as the Book.

'Tis true, the said the Father, I always allow'd ye,
 To chear up your Heart with a Glas after Study;
 But not stretch your Guts like a Porter or Carman,
 And turn a worse Sor than those guzling Vermin.
 Pray Gentlemen see but his Coat and his Wig here,
 Did ever a Beau make so beastly a Figure!
 He looks, by my Soul, from the Head to the Rump,
 Like a Pick-pocket just run away from the Pump.
 You Rogue had I thought you'd have prov'd such an Idle
 Young Dog, I'd have choak'd you with Pap in the Cradle.
 And never have been at the chargeable keeping
 Of such a rude Rascal that daily is heaping
 Such Cares and Vexations upon my Gray Hairs,
 That in sight of you all makes me burst into Tears.

For shame, says his Friend, do not shew your self such
 An old Tony to cry, you unman your self much:
 'Tis time to be shedding of Tears when you find him
 Ty'd fast in a Cart with the Horses behind him.

Have I, says the Father, sate early and late,
 Like a Drudge at my Desk, to acquire an Estate,
 And all for the sake of a profligate Sor,
 That will spend it much faster then ever 'twas got:
 But, Nouns, if the Rake-hell continues thus loose,
 For Revenge, I'll not leave the young Rebel a Sou:
 By my Generous Living I'll give him the Go-by,
 And spend what I meant for the Prodigal Booby.

Here

Here Drawer, says Rake, bring my Father a Quart,
 I'll be hang'd if 'twill do the old Toast any hurt.
 Be nimble, you Dog, draw it brisk, neat and fine,
 For a Glass of true Claret, or any good Wine,
 He loves in a Morning, I've oft heard him say;
 Nay, at Nighr, or indeed any time of the Day;
 My Grandfire I've heard, always drank like a Fish,
 And his Children all lov'd to about with the Dish;
 So what's bred in the Bone, will ne'er out of the Flesh:
 Therefore why shou'd not I love a Cup of the Creature,
 As well as my Father, by Instinct of Nature.

Pray judge, crys the Dad, do ye think I'm not blest,
 With a hopeful young Bird, but just flown from the Nest,
 Who is ready to see, e'er he's well knit together,
 To pick out the Eyes of his tender old Father.
 However, you Drawer, here bring us a Quart,
 Since my dutiful Son's so importunate for't,
 I'm resolv'd for this once will I humour the Brat,
 'Cause I'll see what the Reprobate Rogue would be at.

With that the Old Gentleman sat himself down,
 And requested the like of his Friend and his Son.
 The Quart was brought in, and the Glass fill'd around,
 As the Wine went about Daddy's Passion was drown'd,
 'Till his Fatherly Love prevail'd above Anger,
 It made him unable to vex any longer,
 His Rubies now look'd of so noble a Red,
 Like the Bunches of Grapes round a *Bacchus's* Head,
 That by squeezing his Nose one wou'd easily have thought
 The good Juice must have flown again into the Pot.

Ah Dick, says the Dad to his Prodigal Son,
 If it was not for me, what a Race wou'dst thou run;
 Yet for all my Reproof, my Advice, and my Care,
 You're awicked young Rascal, you know that you are:

However;

However, in time thou wilt surely recant,
 will once more forgive thee whatever comes on't.
 O *Dick* here's a Bumper of Pacification,
 most heartily wishing thy new Reformation;
 or Drinking, thou know'st, is a very sad Evil,
 and Whoring and Gaming, the Flesh and the Devil
 abandon, my Boy, all such things that have hurt in,
 or else for these Sins thou'lt be damn'd of a certain.

Says *Dick* to his Father how cou'd you suppose,
 when you got your poor Son with that Claret Nose,
 that that he must love, by the dint of each Ruby,
 the Bottle, when wean'd from its Likeness the Bubby.
 My Father and Mother have always lov'd Claret,
 and how do you think that the Son shou'd forbear it,
 whose Blood I might venture to swear, without sinning,
 was but Claret refin'd at the very beginning?

Says Daddy, did ever Man hear such a Dog,
 such a witty young Cub, such a bantering Rogue,
 such a pleasant and merry Companion, who rather
 than stifle a Jest, will make one of his Father?
 O, *Dick*, if thy Wit was but balanc'd with Grace,
 thou for certain wou'dst ne'er let it fly in my Face.
 But howe'er, since the Bottle has got the ascendant,
 or once I'll forgive thee, and so there's an end on't,
 I hope, when you're sober, you Manners will mend on't.

O Father, says *Dick*, could you taste the delights
 that my self and Companions enjoy a Nights,
 were you once but to hear the Cunnundrums and Quibbles,
 the Retorts and the Puns, the Lampoons and the Libels,
 the Rhimes, Repetitions, the Songs and the Catches;
 the Whims and the Flirts, and the smart witty Touches,
 that over the Flask we most lovingly vent,
 you wou'd think a whole Night most gloriously spent;
 and wou'd guess by our Wit, and the course that we follow,
 we cou'd all be no less than the Sons of *Apollo*.

Ah,

Ah, *Dick*, says the Father, take care, I entreat ye,
 Thou'dst better be hang'd, of the two than be witty ;
 For if thou'rt once thought, by the Studies and Labours,
 To've acquir'd more Wit than the rest of thy Neighbours,
 Thou'lt be piss'd on by Fools, and be fear'd by thy Betters,
 And hunted about by Whores, Bayliffs and Setters.
 Thy Lodging must be in some Nine-penny Garret,
 Thy Drink Porters Guzzle much oftner than Claret :
 Thy Coat must through all the four Seasons be worn,
 Till it's robb'd of its Nap like a Sheep newly shorn :
 You must always seem pleasant, that is, if you can,
 Keep your Wits ready prim'd for a flash in the Pan :
 When your Pockets are empty, your Brains must project
 Puns, Quibbles, and Tales to supply the Defect ;
 That whenever you meet with a generous Club,
 You may sneak out a Jest in the room of your Club :
 For a Wit is no more than a merry Tom Fool,
 A satyrical Scourger or flattering Tool ;
 The Son of Nine Whores, that's compell'd by his Mothers,
 To starve, or to please (like the rest of his Brothers)
 The Pride of some Men, or the Malice of others.

F I N I S.